

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOVEMBER PALACE AND RAILWAY SEASON TICKETS.**—The completion of the New Stage and Theatre prevents the inconvenience of occasionally disturbing the Concert Hall arrangements.

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Principal.—PROFESSOR W. STRENDHAL BENNETT.

The FIRST STUDENT'S CONCERT of the present term, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening, November 4th, commencing at 8 o'clock.

The HALF TERM WILL COMMENCE on MONDAY, November 8th, 1869. Candidates for admission may be examined, on THURSDAYS, at 11.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,  
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**EXETER HALL.—MME. LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.**

Madame Patey, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley, will sing in Mr. Otto GOLDSCHMIDT's Sacred Pastoral, "RUTH," which will be produced for the first time in London, on WEDNESDAY Evening, November 17th. The chorus and orchestra, including the most eminent professors, will number more than 500. Organist, Mr. Hopkins. Conductor, Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. Doors open at Seven, to commence at Eight o'clock.

**MADAME PATEY** will sing RANDEGGER's popular song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Torquay, October 30th (TUESDAY); Exeter, November 1st; Taunton, 2nd; Clifton, 3rd; Newport 4th; Leicester, 8th; Oldham, 10th; Todmorden, 12th.

**MR. EDWARD MURRAY** (Baritone) now engaged for Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON's Concert Tour, respectfully requests that all communications may be forwarded as follows:—Oxford, November 1st; Town Hall, Leeds, 3rd and 4th; Chester, 5th; Exhibition Palace, Dublin, 8th and 9th; Belfast, 11th; Dublin, 13th; Town Hall, Birmingham, 16th and 17th; Guildhall, Preston, 18th; Liverpool Philharmonic, 23rd; Cambridge, 24th; Norwich, 25th and 26th; Brighton, 29th; Clifton, December 3rd and 4th; Edinburgh, 6th; Glasgow, 7th; Free Trade Hall, Manchester, 8th and 9th; Brighton, 14th; Exeter Hall, London, December 15th.

**PROFESSOR BENNETT'S** Study in E flat major, "L'AMABLE," will be played by MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, during her Provincial Tour, at the following places: Brighton, November 3rd; Winchester, 4th; Hastings, 15th; Southampton, 19th; Cheltenham, 27th; Leamington, December 2nd; Stourbridge, 3rd.  
London: Published by LAMOND COCK & Co., 63, New Bond St., corner of Brook St.

**MR. DENBIGH NEWTON** will sing HATTON's much admired song, "A LONG GOOD NIGHT TO THEE!" at Store Street Concert Rooms, on November 4th; Shifnell, 15th; Bridgenorth, 16th; Welshpool, 17th; Newtown, 18th; and Aberystwith, 19th.

"PRINCELY AUTUMN," Trio, HENRY SMART; "I NAVIGANTI," Trio, RANDEGGER; will be sung by Miss ALICE RYALL, Miss ADELAIDE NEWTON, and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON, at Store Street Concert Rooms, November 4th; Shifnell, 15th; Bridgenorth, 16th; Welshpool, 17th; Newtown, 18th; and Aberystwith, 19th.

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**MISS BESSIE EMMETT** will sing **BENEDICT'S** renowned Ballad, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at the Town Hall, Alton, on Tuesday, November 9th.

**MADAME VANZINI** will sing **RANDEGGER'S** popular song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, November 9th.

**MR. FRANK ELMORE** will sing his popular song, "AIRY, FAIRY LILIAN," at Kennington, November 11th; St. George's Hall, 13th; Stoke Newington, 18th; Camberwell Hall, 25th.—1, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W.

**MR. HARLEY VINNING** (Baritone) may be engaged for Concerts, &c., until 26th December, when he leaves for Scotland. Address, care of Musical and Operatic Agency, 125, Regent Street, W.

**MR. W. GANZ** begs to acquaint his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to town for the season.—15, Queen Anne St., Cavendish Square, W.

**MR. MAYBRICK** will sing **HENRY SMART'S** popular song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE," during his tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby.

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**MR. ALFRED BAYLIS** (Pupil of M. Duprez, the great Tenor), begs to announce his return from Paris. Communications respecting Engagements to be addressed to his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

**MISS BESSIE EMMETT** (Soprano). All communications respecting Engagements with his Pupil, Miss Bessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

**MADAME MONTSERRAT** (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. For terms and particulars respecting Lessons, &c., address—Madame Montserrat, 45, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.

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**THE ORGANISTS' QUARTERLY JOURNAL.**  
 From the *Birmingham Daily Post*.—"The October issue of the 'Organists' Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions," edited by Dr. William Spark, the Leeds Organist, and published by Novello, Ewer, & Co., of London, fairly sustains the interest of previous numbers. All the contributions are of a high order, and some of them—such as Merkel's Fugue, the Fantasia of Fietz, and Dr. Spark's own composition—of great interest and beauty. Every number, we may observe, consists of twenty pages of original organ music, by English and foreign composers, printed on excellent paper from oblong folio plates, capitally engraved. In the next Part we are promised a few quite easy loud and soft short voluntaries, for young organists, by Smart, Batiste, Hird, Kuhmstedt, Macfarren, Silas, Stegall, Spark, &c."

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"Among the excellent songs of the day are two by Mr. Henry Smart. Both are worthy of the composer's finished musicianship; but the first is so in a special sense. 'Wake, Mary, Wake,' belongs to the class at the head of which stands 'Adelaide,' and will bear comparison with anything short of Beethoven's inimitable effort. More expressive melody has seldom been written; while the accompaniment, an important and at times independent feature, shows all the freedom and grace of a master hand. Less cannot be said without injustice to an admirable English composer. 'The Angel of Home' is more conventional in form; and the accompaniment, though finished with exceeding neatness plays a less important part. A smack of old English quaintness is traceable in the melody, for which the melody is rather the better than the worse. The union of this with refined modern taste has a piquant effect which should make the song generally acceptable.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

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## GEORGE PEELE THE DRAMATIST.

George Peele was a member of the literary society which counted Marlowe, Lodge, Nash, and Greene among its most distinguished ornaments. He seems to have shared their dissipations, and in the end, like many of his companions, to have died a victim to his vices. It was in vain that Greene upon his deathbed warned him to amend his ways. What little we hear of Peele's private life tells the old tale of riotous living, penury, and disease. How eloquent, for instance, are these lines from a begging letter to Lord Burleigh: "Long sickness having so enfeebled me maketh bashfulness almost become impudency:—

"Sed quis psittaco suum *χολη* expedit? Magister artis ingenique venter."

That Peele was esteemed very highly for his talent may be gathered from the eulogies of Nash who calls him *primus verborum artifex*, and "an atlas of poetry." These enthusiastic tributes of admiration, paid by a forgotten satirist to a forgotten playwright, both of them in their heyday of reputation "no mean men," provoke a pitying smile. One does not know whether to laugh or to cry over the dusky limboes of libraries which incarcerate the empty shades of so much that once had life and passions like our own. Gifford places Peele, together with Marlowe, at the point in our dramatic history when "the chaos of ignorance was breaking up; they were," he somewhat sententiously observes, "among the earliest to perceive the glimmering of sense and nature, and struggled to reach the light." Campbell, the poet, awards him even higher praise:—

"We may justly cherish the memory of Peele," he says, "as the oldest genuine dramatic poet in our language. His *David and Bethshabe* is the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry \* \* \* There is no such sweetness of versification and imagery to be found in our blank verse anterior to Shakspeare."

These verdicts are both of them curious, since they place Peele upon a level with Marlowe, and even above him. Yet it would be impossible to find a stronger contrast than the two poets present. Marlowe passionate, and Peele sentimental; Marlowe raving, Peele maudering; the one dropping honey, the other shaking fire from a flaming torch. But Marlowe's creations have real life in them: his style became the model of succeeding playwrights. The class of subjects which he chose, and his mode of treating them, were adopted by some of the most powerful of his successors; whereas Peele's characters are for the most part elegant automatons, declaiming sweetly cadenced verses. His style belongs rather to the school of Greene and Lyly than to that which ultimately prevailed in England, nor can we discover any traces of his influence over the rising generation of poets. It is in elegant descriptions, in graceful and ingenious inventions, in sympathy with the charms of external nature, and in tenderness of expression that we must seek for Peele's highest poetical qualities. And these he possessed in an eminent degree, considering the age in which he lived; nor is there anything to be more admired in him than a certain sense of proportion and dignity of repose—far different from the exaggerated bombast of his contemporaries.

Like most of the playwrights, Peele tried his hand at various kinds of dramatic composition. The majority of his plays deserve but a bare mention. *The Chronicle of Edward I.*, for instance, or *Longshanks*, as it was popularly called, consisted of a dramatized version of an old ballad grossly libellous of Eleanor the good Queen. As Eleanor was a Spaniard, it is not unlikely that Peele displayed her in the worst light possible in order to court popularity at a time when the prospect of a Spanish marriage was odious to the English. At any rate, *Longshanks* became a mighty favourite with the playgoing public. It was one of the shows which kept the stage long after Peele and his associates had been superseded by more elegant authors, the citizens and their wives not being willing to forego their delight at witnessing the abasement of the wicked Spanish queen. *The Battle of Alcazar*, like Greene's *Orlando*, is a mere melodrama of "sound and fury signifying nothing." Yet, though in itself deserving no attention, it acquires some interest from the fact that it was the first of a series of dramas in which popular English heroes were represented as playing prominent parts upon the great stage of the world. The story of Thomas Stukeley, a bold rover born in Devonshire, supplied Peele with the substance of his play. Stukeley, whom Fuller, in his *Worthies*, styles "that bubble of emptiness and meteor of ostentation," first formed the project of colonizing Florida. In an audience with Elizabeth he told the Queen that he would rather be "sovereign of a molehill than the highest subject of the greatest king in Christendom," and promised to address her thenceforth "in the style of princes—to our dear sister." Stukeley's plans failed. He entered the Papal service, and was slain in Barbary while on his way to head a Popish expedition against Ireland. It is the story of his death at Alcazar that Peele relates. Similar in character to the exploits of Stukeley were those of Captain Spencer, whom Heywood celebrated in his *Fair Maid of the West*, and of the

three Shirley brothers, not less renowned upon the stage. Fuller compares the Shirleys to the Roman Horatii. They sought adventures in all quarters of the globe, Robert, the youngest, marrying a Parisian lady of Sophy's court; Anthony, the second, exploring the East Indies, and daring the Spaniards in their colonies; Thomas, the eldest, rivaling their prowess by his piracy upon the open sea. The dramatists perceiving how powerfully the imaginations of their audience were fascinated by these wild tales of maritime adventure, indulged them freely. They brought whole navies on the stage. The courts of the Sophy and the Sultan, the shores of newly found America, the palaces of European princes, and the wilds of Tartary, appeared in succession before the fancy of the charmed spectators, who in every scene beheld their favourite hero, the bold English buccaneer, triumphant in his loves and in his quarrels. There was no need for poets to draw upon their inventive faculties. Facts in those days of Drake and Raleigh, of Hakluyt, Purchas, and Mandeville, surpassed fiction, and though the resources of our theatres were utterly inadequate to the representation of these varied scenes, there were few of the audience whose imagination had not been heated to the proper pitch for realizing the poet's descriptions by marvellous tales told by old sailors or studied in the written records of distant journeys. *The Old Wives' Tale* of Peele deserves mention because critics have agreed in styling it the prototype of Milton's *Comus*. It cannot be denied that there is some resemblance between the two pieces; but when Milton formed his masque upon the model of this rustic play he certainly performed the miracle of turning a sow's ear into a silk purse. The outline of Peele's comedy is this:—Two brothers in search of their lost sister find that she has fallen into the power of a sorcerer, from whom she cannot be rescued until his magic wreath has been torn off his head, his sword broken, and his lamp extinguished. Moreover, the instrumentality of a spirit is needed to accomplish her emancipation. So far the coincidence with *Comus* is obvious. But Peele takes no advantage of these romantic circumstances to clothe a beautiful moral. His heroine has actually become besotted by the sorcerer. His wizard dotes upon the silliest dreams. His spirit is a vulgar village ghost.

The two remaining plays of Peele are of more permanent importance. The first of these is a classical masque in honour of Elizabeth, not unlike those of Lyly, though more elaborate, and written in a variety of metres instead of in prose. *The Arraignment of Paris* is perhaps the freshest, as it is the earliest, of those courtly pastorals which were so common in the days of Elizabeth and James. If the catastrophe seems forced, we must remember what huge doses of egregious flattery were not only tolerated, but eagerly sought after and accepted by great people of the day. After Pallas, Juno, and Venus have striven for the golden prize, Paris decides that, if Beauty is to have the ball, the Queen of Beauty must receive it. The analogy between this contest and that described in Mr. Tennyson's *Enone* is so striking that we cannot but imagine that the Laureate has designed to turn the baser metal of Peele into the pure gold of his own art. The Juno who exclaims:—

Shepherd, I will reward thee with great monarchies,  
Empires, and kingdoms, heaps of massy gold:—

the Pallas who disdains such trivial bribes:—

Me list not tempt thee with decaying wealth, . . .  
But if thou have a mind to fly above,  
If thou aspire to wisdom's worthiness,  
If thou desire honour of chivalry,  
To fight it out, and in the campaign field  
To shroud thee under Pallas' warlike shield,  
To prance on barbed steeds; this honour, lo,  
Myself for guerdon shall on thee bestow;—

are true to their high characters. But Peele's Venus, like the ideal of all beauty in the Elizabethan age, is not better than a queen of sensual joy. We long, after reading her speech, for the eloquent smile and meaning whisper of our Laureate's Aphrodite. With the verdict of Paris, however, the goddesses are not satisfied, and the shepherd is arraigned before the high court of Olympus. Then follows a scene in which all the deities of the old mythology are represented in a familiar and almost comic guise. Our ancestors delighted in these burlesques, much as we are tickled with the more subtle parodies of grave art that appear upon our stage. Paris pleads in his own defence. The synod of the gods, puzzled by the evenly balanced claims of the three rivals, agree to refer the ultimate decision to Diana, who, after much circumlocution, awards the prize of beauty to Elizabeth, describing her ocean-girdled isle, and enumerating the various qualities by which she is entitled to rank as equal with Juno, Venus, and Minerva. This adjudication restores peace to heaven and earth; and the play concludes with a triumph, in which the fates lay down their awful symbols at the feet of Elizabeth, and Diana presents her with the golden ball. It cannot be denied that this conclusion, though extravagantly flattering, was both ingenious and elegant. The whole play is adorned with lyrical and idyllic beauties that form a pleasant relief to the pomps of Olympus and the courtly



panegyrics of the termination. *David and Bethsabe*, regarded by many of his critics as Peele's masterpiece, presents us with an interesting specimen of the old miracle play in its most refined and modern form. It is, in fact, a Mystery shorn of its simple quaintness and decked out in a court poet's silks and satins. It is curious to hear Joab, Abishai, and Jonadab discoursing in the euphuistic language of the period; but when we reflect that they probably wore trunk-hose and ruffs, the inconsistency may not appear so violent. Peele endeavours to invest his imagery with Oriental splendour; nor has he altogether failed. The character of David's passion is set forth in glowing terms; the language of the Song of Songs recurs throughout the piece, and when we read of the

Kingly bower,

Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,—

through which the mistress of David comes "tripping like a roe," and bears his "longings tangled in her hair," we feel that the old poet has succeeded in reproducing some true local colouring in his pictures. It would be possible to select from the farrago of exaggeration and nonsense which crowds this drama many passages of pure and limpid beauty, some touches of exquisite pathos, some strains of delicately cadenced melody. But Peele is sweet and not strong. If he does not rant as much as many of his contemporaries, he lacks their fervour and their life. There is more true vigour in some lines addressed by him to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake upon the eve of their disastrous expedition to Portugal than in all his plays. A true trumpet clangour animates this warlike apostrophe:—

Bid theatres and proud tragedians,  
Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,  
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukeley, and the rest,  
Adieu! To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!  
With noble Norris, and victorious Drake,  
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,  
To propagate religious piety,  
And hew a passage with your conquering swords.

But we must stop for want of space and breath, while Peele goes on volleying forth his passionate prophecy, not unmingled with British Philistinism of the sturdiest sort, of which the last line but one is an amusing instance.

### CHANGE RINGING.

(From the "Choir and Musical Record.")

That our church bells are an integral part of our musical resources for showing forth the praise and glory of God is a fact which is too often overlooked, not only by the public generally, but by those who have put forth their energies to revivify every other part of our Church system. While the "three-decker," which formerly obstructed the view of the altar, and the curtained singing-gallery, with its attendant abominations, have been removed, the scenes of rioting and drunkenness in the belfry tower have too frequently been allowed to go on unchecked; and the debased custom which has degraded the healthy and inspiring exercise of change ringing into mere mechanical work requiring little skill or attention is still the rule in the majority of parishes. In point of fact, the secular associations of the belfry have altogether obliterated the sacred character which should belong to it as a part of the consecrated edifice; and the work of the ringer, instead of being looked upon as a fit employment for men who recognize their position as baptized Christians, has been lowered into a mere casual job, too often given to the idlest and most worthless of the parishioners. Chief among the causes which have led to this unsatisfactory state of affairs, may be reckoned the adoption of the listless occupation of chiming, in which the bell is only moved sufficiently to make it strike the clapper, and, next to this, of ringing what are termed "rounds," or, in other words, of ringing the bells in regular intervals from the highest or "treble" to the lowest or tenor, thus simply running down the musical scale. These methods have but little to recommend them; and as a rule it may be fairly asserted that they neither tend to promote the highest end in view, nor the secondary object of invigorating the minds and bodies of the ringers. The first system has its apologists, who argue that something quiet, involving but little bodily exercise, is best fitted for an introduction to divine service; but this argument is, after all, only a plausible method of getting rid of an unwelcome suggestion for reform, and would, if acted on, tend to the use of the patriarchal barrel-organ as a means of preventing the necessity of pedal playing. In favour of the second custom, we have never heard any plea put forward, except the difficulty of acquiring proficiency in the art of ringing changes; but, with such a manual as that recently published by Mr. Troyte in his hand, no young man possessing the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" need be alarmed on this head. With a qualified "conductor"—for bell-ringers, like choristers, need a leader—there is

no reason why each parish in the kingdom should not be able to boast of its band of change-ringers, and we rejoice to hear that there is already a steady movement towards this desirable end in many parts of the country, especially in the northern counties. Country squires and country clergymen are beginning to take the lead; and, as a natural consequence, the belfry tower is being gradually changed in its aspect. Where the pipes and pots stood under the old *regime*, we see signs of a recognition of the fact that a bell-ringer is a church worker just as much as a chorister or a lay-helper in any other form of parish ministration; while, in some cases, each member of the band is a communicant. That this is but a return to the custom of better days, we need hardly add. The very fact that bells were blessed, and that they were generally inscribed with mottoes indicative of the fact that they were consecrated to God's glory, is sufficient to prove that our forefathers looked at this part of our ecclesiastical machinery from a very different point of view to that in which it is now too often regarded; and we can but hope that the day is coming when the restoration, which has now become so general in the matter of surplised choirs and choral services, will be equally universal with reference to change-ringing and the proper organization of bands of ringers.

To promote this end is not only to assist in bringing back an important branch of Church work to its proper position, but also to aid in providing those "young men of the period," of whom we hear so much, with an employment calculated in the highest degree to develop the action of their mental and physical powers. A more healthy and strengthening exercise it would be impossible to recommend; while the fact that there is ample scope for the use of the head as well as the hands, will be readily understood when we state that a peal numbering 5,000 changes can be rung, or, in other words, that 5,000 variations from the ordinary musical scale may be performed according to a definite and well grounded system. Thus, the quaint names, so mysterious to the uninitiated, of Grandsire Doubles and Triples, Bob Majors, and Stedman's Triples, become full of meaning, and carry with them a pleasant sound to the ringer in memory of feats performed, and victories won after hard practice. In an age like this, therefore, when muscular Christianity is so generally held up to public admiration, bell ringing may be fitly commended; while, in connection with it, we may also express a hope that in the erection of new churches an endeavour will be made to supply the full peal of bells which was formerly reckoned a part of the proper complement of the edifice, but in place of which we now too often have what has been aptly described as a bell "stolen at no very distant period from some old sheep." That "one bell" should be the usual provision in the churches of the present day, is only the natural consequence of the falling away from the good old practice of change ringing; and we, therefore, regard its restoration as the first step towards filling the now empty towers with their proper musical instruments. On the building of organs money is lavished on all sides, until our large builders have almost more work than they can carry out; but the most unmusical, most melancholy tintinnabulum is considered sufficient to "call rich and poor to pray," while at weddings and funerals the joybells and the muffled peal are in many places absolutely unknown sounds. To remedy this, the art of change ringing must be generally revived; and when its merits are once appreciated, we believe there will be no lack of funds to provide the necessary appliances for its performance.

KONIGSBERG.—Isouard's opera, *Cendrillon*, has been very successfully revived.

GENOA.—The new management of the Teatro Carlo Felice has announced a series of buffo operas during the autumn season. Among them will be *Il Matrimonio segreto*, by Cimarosa; and *Il Conte Ory*, by Rossini.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—It is the intention of the Philharmonic Society, to give, during the approaching season, and on a plan drawn up by Professor J. Promberger, three grand historical concerts, which shall comprehend the most striking phases and stages of development in the history of music. The first concert will embrace the period from the Gregorian chant down to Bach and Handel, inclusive; the second will be devoted to the great German reformers, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; while the third will represent the romantic school, with Beethoven (in his third period) and C. M. Weber at their head, followed by Schubert, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Schumann, Glinka—as the founder of national Russian opera—and Richard Wagner. In addition to the resources of the Philharmonic Society itself, all the Vocal Unions in the Russian capital will take part in these concerts, for which Herr J. Stockhausen is also engaged.

Two new Russian operas are to be produced at Moscow during the next season:—*Les Habitants de Nishni-Nowgorod*, by M. Naprawnik, and *L'Odine*, by M. Tchaikowsky. There is talk of a third:—*Le Courtier de Mariage Thaddée*, by M. Kaschperoff. Scratch a Russian now-a-days, and we may find a musician.

## LADY LLANOVER AND THE WELSH HARP.

On the 14th inst., Lady Llanover invited real Welsh harpers to compete for a triple-stringed harp, given by her ladyship. All were to play "Difyrrwch Gwyr Harlech" (The March of the Men of Harlech) without variations. No one to compete who had ever played on the pedal harp. Eight harpers arrived, four from North Wales, and four from South Wales. The magnificent hall at Llanover was the scene of this musical tournament. The judge was Gruffydd of Llanover, Welsh Harper Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales, and a pupil of Jones. Opposite the Minstrel's Gallery was a platform, on which was placed an arm-chair and the prize harp, with a garland of flowers on its graceful crest. In the large bay window was another platform, on which was seated Gruffydd, in full costume, covered with medals, conspicuous among which was that commemorative of his playing before the Queen and Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace. The body of the hall was filled by the Llanover tenants. When all were seated, Lady Llanover took her seat, the harpers playing a Welsh air, on the conclusion of which a Welsh choir in the gallery burst forth with "Codiad yr Haul."

Lady LLANOVER then delivered an address in Welsh, of which the following is a bare translation:—

"My friends and fellow-countrymen, but especially you true harpers of Wales, who play upon the harp of our country, the chief object of my invitation to you, Telynorion Cymru (harpers of Wales), is to give support to the most perfect national instrument in the world, and grieved I am to say that through the discouragement that noble instrument has received for the space of fifteen or sixteen years past, it has gone down so much that in the judgment of our well-known and eminent musical countryman, Mr. Brinley Richards, here present this day, it was a necessary duty to call the attention of the Principality, through the newspapers, to the danger of losing its national instrument, and this duty he performed; and I now take this opportunity to impress upon your minds that no instrument can be the national instrument of a country unless it is sufficiently light for the player to carry it. The triple harp possesses this excellence, and there is no other national instrument to compare with it which combines the same power with such sweet harmony, and yet is so light as to enable the player to carry it for miles on foot. It is necessary to have an ass and cart, or a car (or, at least, a wheelbarrow), to bring a pedal harp from one street to another, it is so loaded with steel and brass; but the triple-stringed harp of our country can be carried on the shoulders up our mountains and down our valleys. It is also impossible to play correctly the best and finest of the old Welsh compositions upon any other harp than this, for which those grand airs were composed. I shall not say much upon this occasion about those meetings which are miscalled 'Eisteddfodau,' but which, in truth, are Ffŷg Eisteddfodau (false Eisteddfodau), and which have been so injurious to Wales by the discouragement given to the Welsh harpers, to Welsh music, and to many other Welsh things besides; but yet the false Eisteddfodau would have been unable to do so much harm if all the harpers of Wales had stood stanch together, and determined never to abandon their national instrument. I grieve to think that any Welsh harper should have been driven from his national instrument, so much beloved by his nation, whilst the Scotch pipers have never abandoned their bagpipes, or taken up in their place any other instrument of music; and I do not believe that one thousand English meetings, if attempted in Scotland under the feigned name of 'Scotch gatherings,' but with the view of undermining Scotch nationality, would ever succeed in beguiling a single Scotch piper from the honourable and honoured national instrument of his country; yet the Scotch cannot boast of a national instrument which can be compared with our harp of Wales. The harp that I give to-day as a prize (and sorrowful am I that I cannot give seven harps instead of one) has been made in exactly and in the same manner as the harp still in my possession, made by that celebrated Welsh harp maker, John Richards. The wood in this prize harp has been drying for about 20 years; the form is the real antique shape and very elegant, yet the work is strong as in the fine old harps. The Welsh harpers in the old past time were so attached to their harps, so careful of them, that they would not trust them with others, and preferred carrying them on their own shoulders to sending them on before, or leaving them to be sent after themselves. In conclusion, I must say that I do not believe there is one person here present who has not from his heart a true and sincere desire for the restoration of the triple-stringed harp to its proper place, and to see it replaced in many hands and on many hearts in the Principality. I see around me farmers and tenants of my own, who take an interest in this competition, and proud indeed should I be to see a Welsh harp in each of their houses, which would be a source of most innocent pleasure to the 'young men and maidens, to the old people and children' when they sing together the old sweet melodies of Wales in that language to which every true Cymro wishes 'Oes y Byd' (the age of the world); but alas! alas! the Cymry are now worse off than the Jews in Babylon. The Jews said, 'On the willow trees we hung our harps;' thus they were permitted to keep their harps although captives in a foreign land, although their hearts were in too deep sorrow to strike one string. But amongst us—amongst the Cymry—although we may have some willow trees and some harps left, alas! we have very few harpers to play upon them, as in

the 'Nên amser gynt' (the old past time). May this disgrace be now removed."

On the conclusion of her ladyship's address the choir sang "Codiad yr Eheddydd." The competition for the prize harp then commenced. Five harpers competed, and, after a few minutes of anxious silence, Gruffydd rose and awarded the 1st prize to Abraham Rhys, of Merthyr Tydfil; the 2nd prize of £5 in a purse (given by Sir Hugh Williams, of Bodelwyddan) to Robert Jones, of Bala; the 3rd prize of £4 (given by Mr. Johnes, of Dolaucothly) to Lewis Williams, of Pontllanfraith, county of Monmouth. There were also other prizes awarded.

After speeches by the Vicar of Cardiff, and other local notables,

Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS said, that the hope of one day witnessing the restoration of the Welsh harp to its legitimate position in the Principality had occupied his thoughts during a long period of his life. The Welsh harp, during a long succession of ages, had been so closely connected with the history of Wales that it was almost impossible to speak of the one without thinking of the other. The triple harp was, in every sense of the word, the national instrument of Wales, and, as a national instrument, he had no hesitation in saying it stood without a rival in the whole world. The Welsh harp had very special claims; above all it possessed a literature upon the music especially adapted to the instrument, and a music which could not be played with proper effect upon any other instrument. The melodies of Wales and its harp music remained to that hour unrivalled; but notwithstanding all that, the Welsh harp had been declining. It was not yet too late, he hoped, to excite the flame which might yet again gladden the hearts and homes of his countrymen, who must bear in mind that if they once lost their harp they not only lost the national instrument, but the art of playing upon it, and that art could never be revived through books. As to the melodies of Wales he would assert that they were equal, if not superior, to those of any other country. He did not expect his words to be acceptable to those who had no sympathy for national music or a national instrument. But still there were minds which rose above unworthy considerations, and such minds were not limited to one country, for among them that day they had a visitor from Sweden—Herr Sjoden—one of the most accomplished performers on the pedal harp. That gentleman had travelled 200 miles in order to hear their national harp, and he had not only expressed his delight with the effects of which it was capable, but he confessed that those effects could not be produced on a pedal harp. Mr. Richards concluded by saying that however great his desire to revive the use of the Welsh harp, he feared he could not have rendered the wish effective if Wales had not a lady whose whole life had been identified with the country of her birth and its glorious associations.

Herr SJODEN, the Swedish performer on the pedal harp, then ascended the platform and said that their Welsh triple harp was unrivalled in softness of tone, and that he would advise them by all means to adhere to their own national instrument.

The choir then sang "Duw fendithio Dywysog Cymru" (God bless the Prince of Wales), and the whole assembly standing up joined in the patriotic words of "Duw Gadwor Frenhines" (God save the Queen).

A crowded meeting took place at eight o'clock, in the village of Rhydymeirch, at Lady Llanover's Gwesty Dirwestol (Temperance House of Entertainment), at which all the harpers attended, and many Welsh speakers.

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To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Your paper of last week mentions a rumour that I am the musical critic of the *Athenæum*. As this report is quite unfounded, please give it a contradiction in your next number. I have not seen any of the articles to which you allude; but since you compliment me in course of mentioning them, I, at least, ought to be satisfied of their excellence. And the more reason, then, that I should not keep, for a day longer than I can help, any part of the credit due to their author, whoever he may be.—Faithfully yours,  
HENRY SMART.  
3, Fitzroy Road, Oct. 27.

VIENNA.—The Society of the Friends of Music propose opening their rooms, on the 2nd January, with grand ceremony, the Emperor himself being expected to honour the Society with his presence. The works for the programme of the inaugural concerts will be furnished by Viennese composers, Beethoven contributing the overture to *Egmont* and the *Sinfonia Eroica*; Mozart, the "Ave, Verum;" Schubert, the chorus, "Der Friede sei mit Euch;" and Haydn, the "Variations" from the "Kaiser Quartet." The programmes of the subsequent concerts will include, among other compositions, *Faust Symphony* (new), Liszt; *Cantata* (new), Weber; *Reformations-Symphonie*, and *Elijah*, Mendelssohn; *Paradies und die Peri*, Schumann; *L'Enfance du Christ*, Berlioz; and *Pianoforte Fantasia* (new), and *Der Thurm zu Babel*, a sacred opera (new), Rubinstein.—Herr Herbeck, the new musical director at the Imperial Operahouse, made his first appearance as conductor at that establishment a short time since, when he conducted M. Ambrois's *Thomas's Mignon*.

### ORGAN-PLAYING: ITS USES AND ABUSES.

An admirable paper on the above subject was read by Mr. J. P. Morgan, before the National Musical Convention lately held in New York. The essay has since appeared in the columns of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, whence we extract it. The lesson taught will no doubt be useful in our own country, where it is certainly much needed.

#### I. THE ORGAN IN THE CONCERT ROOM.

These thoughts on organ-playing are presented to the Convention in the hope that they may serve to begin a discussion, leading to an effort, which shall be extended throughout the land, to correct the many evils which, you will all agree, prevail in our concert room and churches,—in the former, if only for the sake of art,—in the latter, for the sake of art and religion,—that we may in the practice of our art glorify God, and not insult Him by an abuse of one of His most beautiful gifts.

First we will consider the use of the organ as a *Concert instrument*. As a result of an increasing interest in music throughout the country, and of the enterprise of organ-builders, we have already a few organs of sufficient capacity to be used as concert instruments, exclusively (chief among them, of course, the magnificent instrument which the country owes to the true musical feeling and enterprise of Boston), and we cannot doubt that before many years we shall see in many of our cities concert halls provided with excellent organs containing all the mechanical appliances which inventive talent and industry can devise. It becomes us, therefore, to inquire—How are we using the means now at our command? Are our efforts as concert players such as will tend to our own improvement as artists? Do those who have mastered the technical difficulties accompanying organ-playing in so far as to be able to select programmes without restriction,—in other words, those who are competent to appear at all as concert players, select programmes so as to attain the most desirable results?

The question now arises, of course, what are the highest aims and most desirable results of concert-playing? Let us inquire, first—Is the mere display of technical skill for the sake of exciting the wonder and admiration of the audience a high aim? Every right-minded artist will answer, No! To most men possessed of great technical skill, the temptation to excite admiration and perhaps wonder by its display is a strong one, especially when there is a prospect of adding to their income by increasing the market value of their services as organists. That it is always wrong to yield to the temptation in a degree, we do not believe. It is right that skill acquired by patient study and long years of practice should be admired; but this exhibition of skill should always be a secondary consideration in a performance claiming to have for its object the production of works of art; and we do not hesitate to affirm that, if the artist cannot, during the performance of a composition worthy of an artist's attention, lose sight of this aim, and rise above this desire to make *himself* the object of admiration and wonder, his performance must become a failure as far as artistic rendering is concerned.

A second inquiry is—Is affording a pleasant pastime to an audience a high aim in concert playing? That is a good-natured, amiable aim, we will readily admit; that a great artist may find pleasure in helping to afford pleasant recreation now and then even to a concert audience, is quite conceivable; but that in so doing he is practising his art in any high sense, or that he can be induced by any consideration less than fear of actual want, to devote his best efforts, or any considerable portion of his efforts to such an end, we firmly believe to be impossible. No artist who has a correct conception of the exalted mission intrusted to him with the talents God has given him, can thus squander His gifts. We speak of artists in general, but we believe this to be particularly applicable to organists, whose calling it is to interpret works of art by means of an instrument capable of expressing the noblest thoughts, with a voice the majesty of which surpasses that of all instruments invented by man, and which always seems disgraced by being made to utter what is meaningless, frivolous, or commonplace. And yet, what do we hear at our popular Organ Concerts? Too often compositions so utterly devoid of connected, sequential thought, so dismally thin, that the soul of an organist who appreciates the powers and understands the voice of his instrument, must sicken if compelled to listen.

We may now properly ask—To what end should an artist's efforts be directed in a concert performance? Surely to the production of great compositions in such a manner as to realize their legitimate effect, in other words: reproduce the same emotions and trains of thought in the hearer, which called the work into being, in the mind of the composer, or were chiefly active in his mind when occupied with it. Here we meet with the objection so often urged against the performance of so called *classical* music, before audiences, composed largely of persons not musically educated, viz.: that they do not understand it, and are therefore not interested and entertained by it. Those who object to its performance on this ground say: 'Your Fugues and Sonatas may be very interesting to you and to a few musical people, but the great mass of the audience had much rather hear something else.' Granted,—but the great mass of the audience are scarcely susceptible of *musical* impression at all, or do not attend a concert for the sake of any intellectual enjoyment or benefit they hope to derive from it, but to be amused, without any effort at thought on their own part.

Is the artist to gratify these people at the expense of his own artistic life

and the instruction and legitimate pleasure of the highest and noblest sort which it is in his power to afford the few whose ears and minds are able to receive it?

The habit so universal in this country of regarding a concert-room as a place to be *amused*, to pass away time, a place to visit because it is *fashionable* to go to concerts, is to be sure the result in great measure of a lack of cultivation among the people of a comparatively young nation, but has been fostered and encouraged by the persistent course of a great number of merely mercenary performers (we will not call them artists) who have regarded nothing as worthy of pursuit but "cash." All the strength to be obtained by united effort and mutual support, which we may hope will result from the present or any future convention of musicians, may well be devoted to overcoming this pernicious habit of the American people. If we are to be respected as artists, we must act as if we respected ourselves and our art.

Again, the prejudice, so common, against highly intellectual music is, in a measure, due to the manner in which such music has been produced; and organists have sinned grievously in this regard, by yielding to the temptation to make effect pieces of everything. Assuming that the audience cannot understand to enjoy the music as music, the attempt is made to astonish them by a display of technical skill in performing it. How common it is for a fugue of Bach to be placed upon the programme of an organ concert, because it is supposed to be difficult to play Bach, and it is due to the reputation of the performer that the people should understand that all this sort of thing is nothing to him,—why, he can play *anything*! But when he begins the fugue, remarks like the following begin to circulate among the audience: "Well, that may be very difficult, but I don't understand it, and I wish he'd get through," &c., &c. And no wonder: the organist himself does not understand it, or he sins wilfully against the composer and against art by perverting a noble work of a great master into an effect piece with which to display his execution to the audience. This racing through Bach's fugues has done more towards creating a prejudice against them than anything to be found in the fugues themselves.

There is much still remaining to be said upon this branch of the subject, but the limits of this paper will not admit of it. A favourite idea among organists and people generally, but we believe a very false and injurious one, is that the great office of the organ, and particularly of a concert organ, is to imitate the orchestra. The consequence of this opinion is that most of our organists devote a great deal of study to what they call *orchestral effects*; and *orchestral* overtures and movements from symphonies, arranged for the organ, form, we may say, the chief part of most of our programmes of organ concerts claiming to consist of compositions of the masters. This practice has prevailed to such an extent, that we can see already its injurious effects upon the art of organ-building in America. Builders are aiming to produce, not noble toned organs, furnished in every department with the means to meet all the demands of great organ compositions, having a largeness of tone in the diapasons, a brilliancy in the octaves and mixtures, and a gravity resulting from the sixteen-foot manual registers, together with such fulness in numbers, and in power of the pedal registers that the pedal couplers are not required to make amends for a deficiency; organs with a great variety of eight-foot stops carefully voiced so as to afford the contrasting colours of tone necessary for trio playing, in which each of the simultaneously progressing voices may be heard distinctly in all its progressions—no, they are striving to produce "orchestral organs," as they call them.

We have no space to discuss the question whether the art which has for its highest aim to *imitate* a work of art is worthy of pursuit—we think not—but when, as in this case, the real character of the artistic means to be employed is ignored in the attempt to imitate a means of artistic representation already in common use and brought to great perfection, we maintain that the whole thing is a misdirected effort. If it were true that the organ is like the orchestra, or capable of producing the effect of an orchestra; if all attempts of organ-builders and organ-players in this direction were not substantially unsuccessful, we should not so wonder that they are persisted in. The fact is, the nature of the instrument renders success impossible. Undoubtedly the idea that the organ is an orchestra arises from the fact that there are certain points of correspondence, e. g. certain *tone colours* of the orchestra are also found in the organ. Again, we can bring into combination and contrast the different tone colours; lastly, the tones of both can be *sustained*, and a *crescendo* produced; here the resemblance ceases. Every orchestral writer knows that the foundation of the orchestra, its very life, is the *string quartet*; that the power of *accent* and *attack*, that power of expression which the bow affords, often consisting in a change in the character of tone after the attack, is an essential feature. This the organ never can reproduce. We hear the tones, but the delivery and inflection, if we may so call it, are wanting. If the same passages were played by the orchestra so as to sound as they do upon the organ, any conductor would pronounce the performance a failure. Again, the reeds of the organ have neither the effect of the reeds nor of the brass of the orchestra. Here, too, the *attack* and *flexibility after the attack* are wanting. The flute and clarinet of the organ are similar to those of the orchestra only in *tone-colour*. This fundamental difference in the nature of the means points to a difference in the ends to be attained; and if those organists who expend such an amount of time and patient study upon orchestral effects, would devote a part to organ effects and



organ music, and the remainder to the study of orchestral composition and orchestra scores, the result would be a better knowledge of the organ, the orchestra, and the best musical literature.

We are glad to acknowledge the skill displayed by talented organists, in these attempts at orchestral imitation, but regret deeply this waste of time and strength uniformly resulting in a musical failure, and an act of injustice towards the composer of the orchestral composition; and the fact is that, while working in this field, these organists neglect almost entirely the rich store of real organ music, both ancient and modern, now accessible to all:—music which can find adequate expression only by a proper use of the resources peculiar to the organ.

#### A MUSICAL IMPOSITION.

I happened, one evening, to be at the house of the Baron de M., an intelligent and sincere lover of art, with one of my old fellow-students at the Academy of Rome, the accomplished architect, Duc. Everyone, except myself, was playing at cards, some at écarté, some at whist, and some at brelan. I hate cards. By dint of patience, and after the efforts of thirty years, I have succeeded in knowing no game of the kind, so as to be safe, under all circumstances, from being carried off bodily by players in want of a partner.

It was pretty evident that I was being rather bored, when Duc, turning round, said to me: "As you are doing nothing, you might as well write a little music for my album."—"With all my heart," I replied. I took a sheet of paper, and traced a few staves, on which there shortly appeared an *andantino* in four parts for the organ. I fancied I perceived in it a certain character of rural and simple mysteriousness, and the idea of fitting to the music words of the same description suggested itself to me. The piece of organ music vanished and became a "Chorus of the Shepherds of Bethlehem" bidding adieu to the infant Jesus, as the Holy Family are about setting out for Egypt. The players suspended their game at whist and at brelan to listen to my sacred *fabliau*. They were as much amused by the mediæval cut of my verses as by that of my music. "Now," said I to Duc, "I will put your name underneath, for I want to compromise you."—"What an idea!" he exclaimed. "My friends know that I am utterly ignorant of composition."—"Well, really, that is a fine reason for not composing," I answered. "Since, however, your vanity scouts the notion of adopting what I have done, I will just make a name of which yours shall form part. It shall be that of Pierre Ducré, whom I appoint chapelmaster at the Holy Chapel, Paris, in the seventeenth century. That will give my manuscript all the value of an archeological curiosity." As I said, so I did. But I had got in the vein of playing the part of a Chatterton. Some few days subsequently I wrote, at home, the piece of the "*Repos de la Sainte-Famille*,"—commencing, this time, however, with the words—and a little figured overture, for a little band, in a little innocent style, in F sharp minor, without a major seventh, a mode which is no longer the fashion; which resembles plain chant, and which the learned will inform you is derived from some Phrygian, Dorian, or Mixo-Lydian mode, of ancient Greece, a fact which has nothing at all to do with the question. In this mode there is evidently the melancholy and somewhat stupid character of popular laments.

In a month's time, I had forgotten all about my retrospective score, when we were disappointed of a chorus for the programme of a concert which I had to conduct. I thought it would be a good joke to replace it by that of the Shepherds of my MYSTERY, which I still announced under the name of Pierre Ducré, chapelmaster at the Holy Chapel, Paris (1679). The choristers, at rehearsal, immediately conceived a great liking for this ancestral music. "Where in the world did you disinter it?" they asked. "You are pretty well right in saying disinter," I replied, without hesitation: "it was found, during the late restoration of the Holy Chapel, in a cupboard that had been walled up. But it was written on parchment, in the old notation, and I had great trouble in deciphering it."

The concert took place. The piece by Pierre Ducré was very well executed and received even better. The critics praised it two days afterwards, and congratulated me on my discovery. Only one expressed doubts of its authenticity and age, a fact which proves that there are clever men in all classes. Another critic grew sentimental on the misfortune of the poor old master, whose musical inspiration had not been revealed to the Parisians till after a hundred and seventy-three years of obscurity, "for," he observed, "none of us had ever heard of him, and he is not mentioned in the *Dictionnaire biographique des Musiciens*, by M. Fétis, though that work contains so many extraordinary things."

The Sunday following, Duc, being at the house of a young and handsome woman, who was very fond of ancient music, and expressed great contempt for modern productions, when their date was known, thus addressed her: "Well, madam, what did you think of our last concert?"—"Oh! it was a great medley, as usual!"—"And what do you say to the piece by Pierre Ducré?"—"Perfect; delicious! That is music if you like. Time has not robbed it of any of its freshness.

It is true melody, of the rarity of which modern composers render us very sensible. Your M. Berlioz, for instance, will never give us anything like that." At these words, Duc could not help bursting into a laugh, and was imprudent enough to reply: "Alas! madam, it is my M. Berlioz himself who is the author of the "*Adieu des Bergers*," which he wrote, one evening, in my presence, on the edge of a card table." The fair hostess bit her lips, and the roses of vexation mounted to tint the paleness of her face. Turning her back on Duc, she launched at him the cruel phrase: "It is very impertinent of M. Berlioz."

You may fancy how ashamed I felt, when Duc came and told me what she had said. I lost no time in offering reparation for my conduct. I published humbly in my own name the poor little production, but on the title-page I put the words: "Attributed to Pierre Ducré, an imaginary chapelmaster to remind me of my guilty imposition."

Hector Berlioz.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE.

The performances of operas in English, under the direction of Mr. George Perren, were resumed on Monday in the new theatre. The stage has been constructed by the company's own staff, under the direction of Mr. Rose and Mr. Wilkinson, from designs by Mr. Fenton, who has also provided some well-painted scenery. A handsome proscenium, ample stage room, and convenient dressing-rooms are among the advantages of the new structure; while the accommodation for the public is ample. There was a good attendance at Monday's performance, and the result was successful. The opera (first time here) was Balfe's *Rose of Castille*. Madame Florence Lancia was the Queen. The solos were given by Madame Lancia with much effect, and received with considerable applause, especially, "Oh, were I the Queen of Spain," "The Convent Cell," "I'm but a simple peasant Maid," and "O joyous happy day." Miss Annie Goodall maintains the favourable position which she acquired in the earlier representations. As Donna Carmen she acted and sang with much vivacity—her song, "Though Love's the greatest plague in life," being encored. Mr. Perren, as the Prince, gave his music with spirit—"I am a simple Muleteer," "The Maid I met," and "Twas rank and fame," being among the most effective pieces in the performance. The ballad was especially well delivered, and was received with such applause as to cause its repetition. Mr. Edward Connell, as Don Pedro, again showed that he has a voice of considerable compass, and one worthy of still further cultivation. His song, "Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns," called forth much applause. Mr. Dussek Corri threw some animation into the part of the courtier Don Florio, and gave his share of the buffo duet with Don Pedro ("Go quickly") with grotesque humour. Mrs. Aynsley Cook did all that was requisite in the small part of the Duchess of Calatrava; and other subordinate characters were filled by Mr. E. Cotte and Mr. R. Temple. The performance throughout was well received. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Crystal Palace band, conducted by Mr. Manns, added greatly to the general effect.

ELBERFELD.—Herr August Lange, the composer of *Die Fabier*, has entered upon his duties as *Capellmeister* at the Theatre.

DRESDEN.—First concert given by the board of General Direction of the Theatre Royal, and Royal Chapel: Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann; Air, Handel; Violin-concerto, Beethoven (Herr Lauterbach); air from *Titus*, Mozart; "Variations," Rode; and C major Symphony, with Fugue, Mozart.—First Soirée for Chamber Music, of Herren Lauterbach, Grützmacher, etc.: Quartet in B flat major, Haydn; Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, Beethoven; and Sextet, Brahms.—Concert given by Middle. Mary Krebs: Italian Concerto, Bach; "Carneval," Schumann; Pieces for the Violoncello, Herr L. Grützmacher; Pianoforte Solos, Beethoven, Rameau, Rubinstein, Seeling, Jadassohn, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Moscheles, Scarlatti, Raff, and Liszt; and Songs, Schubert, Krebs, and Schumann.

DARMSTADT.—A short time since, there died here, in his eightieth year, Herr Ferdinand Pohl. He was born at Kreibitz in Bohemia, where his father was a manufacturer of musical glasses. Ferdinand Pohl, having soon become a proficient on these glasses, studied composition under Naumann, in Dresden. He then travelled through Germany, Poland, Russia and Sweden, playing at concerts with great success. He resided at Berlin for six years (1810—1816), giving concerts every year. His last professional tour was along the Rhine, and through Switzerland and Italy. On his return, he took Stuttgart and Darmstadt on his way, and, in the year 1818, was admitted a member of the Grand-Ducal musical establishment at the latter town. In 1830, he was pensioned on account of ill health. He was, probably, the last virtuoso upon the once popular, but now long since forgotten *Glasharmonica*.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

TWELFTH SEASON, 1869-70.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the  
TWELFTH SEASON OF THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS  
WILL COMMENCE ON

## MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8th,

And that the Performances will take place as follows:—

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1869.	MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1870.
MONDAY, " 15 "	MONDAY, " 31 "
MONDAY, " 22 "	MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7 "
MONDAY, " 29 "	MONDAY, " 14 "
MONDAY, DECEMBER 6 "	MONDAY, " 21 "
MONDAY, " 13 "	MONDAY, " 28 "
MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1870.	MONDAY, MARCH 7 "
MONDAY, " 17 "	MONDAY, " 14 "

Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12 (1870).

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue subscription tickets at £5 (transferable), entitling holders to special seats, selected by themselves, for the whole series of twenty-three concerts—viz., sixteen Monday evenings and seven Saturday mornings.

Subscription tickets are also issued for the sixteen evening concerts, at £2 10s. and for the seven morning concerts at £1 10s.

Two Extra Morning Performances, not included in the subscription, will be given on Saturdays, November 27th and December 4th.

Madame Norman-Neruda is engaged as principal violin at all the concerts before Christmas.

Mr. Charles Hallé will appear on Mondays, November 29th and December 6th; and at the Two Extra Saturday Concerts on November 27th and December 4th.

Herr Paue will be the pianist on Monday evenings, November 8th and 16th.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of principal violoncello from the first concert till the end of the season; Herr L. Ries that of second violin.

Madame Arabella Goddard will appear on Mondays January 10th and 17th.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday evening February 14th.

Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Saturday afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Mr. Benedict will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Subscribers' names received by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 26, Old Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

## PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST CONCERT,

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1869.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

### PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, No. 1, Op. 44, for strings .. .. . Mendelssohn.  
SONG, "On music's softest pinions" .. .. . Mendelssohn.  
SONATA, in B flat, Op. 22, for Pianoforte alone .. .. . Beethoven.

### PART II.

SONATA, in B flat (dedicated to Mlle. Sirlinacchi), for Piano-  
forte and Violin. No. 15 of Hallé's edition .. .. . Mozart.  
SONG, "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir" .. .. . Handel.  
QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 64, No. 5, for strings .. .. . Haydn.

Executants—Madame Norman-Neruda (her first appearance at these concerts),  
and Ries; Henry Holmes, Piatti, and Paue; vocalist Miss Blanche Cole.

CONDUCTOR .. .. . MR. BENEDICT.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and tickets at  
CHAPPELL & CO.'S, 50, New Bond Street.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L.—Oberon was first performed in English on the 11th April, 1826; and in Italian (at Her Majesty's Theatre) on Tuesday, July 3rd, 1860.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.—The event should be marked in a private memorandum-book, *cressa nola*. Our correspondent is not to be pitied. Even those *periculosissime choreæ quæ valse et polka dicuntur* may, in the opinion of a high ecclesiastical authority, be executed with perfect innocence.

## NOTICE.

It is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

## ONCE MORE—PITCH.

THE great stir made in British musical circles by the pitch question has not entirely subsided. Where the movement first began, there is still a gentle upheaving. The public have forgotten all about the matter; musical folk remember it only as illustrating the utter helplessness springing from an utter want of unity; and only in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* is there found, from time to time, the slightest evidence of continued vitality. It must be granted that the Society of Arts has treated the pitch question in business-like fashion. Besides inquiry and deliberation at home, it has moved the Foreign Office to make inquiry abroad, and even prevail upon the young gentlemen who serve their country as *attachés* to bore themselves with vibratory decimals. This machinery has not moved in vain; for now and then reports appear having a special interest. Prominent among them is that addressed to the Belgian Government in 1868, by a commission of which M. Fétis was president. The document in question is so exhaustive, and supplies so many arguments on the side not usually taken among us, that we do not hesitate to print it entire:—

"1. That the great rise in the pitch took place at the period when Gluck published his first French opera (*Iphigénie en Aulide*) in Paris, that is to say, since 1774 to 1810, and that in this space of thirty-six years the rise was more than three commas, or more than one-third of a tone, as has been stated in the report of M. Taskin to the Committee of Arts, in Paris, dated 27th March, 1826, on a tuning-fork for comparison, invented by a musician of the Royal Chapel named Matrot.

"2. That this tuning-fork gave the three pitches of the Opera, the Opera-Comique, and the Théâtre Italien in Paris, in 1826; that that of the Opera then made 882 vibrations in the second; the Opera Italien, 891; the Opera-Comique, the highest of all, 896.

"3. That the operas composed since 1810 by the most celebrated composers, Méhul, Nicolo-Isonard, Boieldieu, Auber, Hérold, Adolphe Adam, and others, for the Opera-Comique, and which form the stock pieces of all the theatres of France, Belgium, and even of Germany, were written for this pitch of 896 vibrations, afterwards raised to 902, and that no fatigue in consequence has resulted to the singers, because these masters had regard in their works to the natural limits of the voice.

"4. That M. Lissajous, professor of physics, member of the committee appointed by the French Government on the 17th of January, 1858, to determine the number of vibrations for a standard intended to become the model pitch for the empire, proposed a lowering from 898 (the pitch of the opera at that time) to 891; but, for reasons which it is unnecessary for the Belgian committee to enter into, the majority of the French committee decided that the pitch should be lowered a quarter of a tone, and fixed the standard number of vibrations at 870. They had not observed that this number of vibrations does not correspond to two commas, one-fourth, the exact measure of a quarter of a tone, but to three commas, one-third, that is to say, more than a third of a tone below the pitch of the Opera-Comique.

"5. That no improvement has been effected in the voices of the French singers in the space of four years elapsed since the lower pitch, that is the normal one, has been adopted. That the artists do not sing with greater ease those operas which they said used to fatigue them by reason of the high pitch. In fact, at no period has the personal condition of the singing body of the Paris theatres been so bad as at this time.

"6. That the tuning-fork of the Royal Conservatoire of Brussels, an old fork in use at the Ghent Theatre, and at the Casino in the same town thirty years ago, an old fork of the Opera-Comique of Paris in 1820, that of the Theatre Royal of Brussels, one belonging to a member of the committee (a maker of brass instruments in use all over the country, in the regiments of the army, exported to England, America, and the North of France), the tuning-fork of the Philharmonic Society of London, that of the Berlin Opera in 1861, and, lastly, that of the well-known Choral Society of Cologne of the same period, all give the same pitch, with slight variations in the number of vibrations. The mean of these forks is 902 vibrations per second. It should be observed that the tuning-fork of the London Philharmonic Society gives C as the key-note, as well as the tuning-fork of the different States of Italy, instead of A, which in Belgium, Germany, and France is taken as the pitch-note. The committee ascertained that the C of the Philharmonic tuning-fork



sounds a minor third above the tuning-fork of the Brussels Conservatoire, from which it follows that the A of the English orchestras is in unison with that of Belgium, except those slight differences of which we have spoken. This, therefore, does not offer any serious obstacle to the uniformity of pitch of wind instruments, because that is regulated by the lengthening of the tube of the oboes and the mouth-pieces of the clarionets and the bassoons, by the lengthening of the tube of flute and the crooks of brass instruments. In regard to bow instruments, their pitch can be regulated at will.

"7. That the only lowering of the pitch in use in Belgium should be the simple operation of transposing to an exact semitone lower for exceptional cases, or where the vocal parts are written too high, which is managed without difficulty by the good orchestras of the Conservatoire at Brussels, of the Theatre Royal, and by l'Association des Musiciens. By this simple plan, the pitch remains in reality as it is, and there is no fear of any disturbance in the manufacture of instruments, a consideration of the highest importance, as was shown by the International Exhibition in London. In fact, the same French makers of wind instruments who, at the Paris Universal Exhibition, in 1855, had deserved praise, and obtained first-class medals for the accuracy of their oboes, horns, bassoons, clarionets, and flutes, only showed at the International Exhibition, of 1862, inferior instruments, because of the forced adoption in France of a pitch fixed at 870 vibrations to the second, and which suddenly lowered the La 28 vibrations, as regards the opera, and 32 vibrations for other orchestras. From that resulted the necessity for changing all the proportions for placing and dimensions of the holes on the tube of each wind instrument, a delicate operation, in which the makers have only succeeded by experiment. Thus, suddenly the result of a long experience, by which a satisfactory accuracy had been obtained, the fruit of constant study by the most eminent artists, and of the persevering efforts of the most skilful makers, has been set aside. All this work has to be gone over again to make the new proportions to suit the normal pitch. It can be done, without doubt, but until that end be attained, instruments made to the pitch of 870 vibrations will be more or less imperfect. The facts on which it has been thought necessary to lower the pitch have been exaggerated, or rather perverted. It is said the voices of the singers of the present time deteriorate rapidly, and singers willingly say the pitch is too high; but to those who know the truth of these things, this very evident evil may be attributed to other causes. Besides, it is not to be denied that the majority of singers go beyond the limits of the written music, according to their caprice, and they willingly reach extra high notes, with no other result than that of satisfying their own vanity. In comparison to the fatigue which results from this straining, a difference of pitch of four commas is nothing. Sometimes the fault may be attributed to a composer, who, writing for an exceptional voice, is induced to yield to the specialité of a singer, without considering how his music will suit the limits of general voices, and prepares for the latter difficulties, as has lately been seen at Brussels, in a work written for a singer whose high voice reached notes impossible for other singers.

"8. Another reason, no less certain, and still more active in the destruction of the voice, is the habit which singers now have of prolonging the note with effort and with a screech, which the public has often had the bad taste to encourage, and to applaud. No voice can resist the violence of these attempts; the inevitable result must be the rapid destruction of the best-toned voices. The pitch is not, therefore, to be blamed.

"9. That if the pitch be lowered to suit some establishments, such as the conservatories of the kingdom and the theatres assisted by Government funds, a sort of anarchy will result from it in a free country like Belgium, where no compulsion can be put on the makers of instrument, musical societies, and professionals, to oblige them to give up the pitch which they have been in the habit of using, any more than the forbidding of painters to use a certain colour. Instead of a uniform pitch which the public might adopt, there might be two sorts, if we could have, as in a neighbouring country, an inspector of the pitch.

"10. That the question of expense for the change of instruments is of great importance for the artists, to whom the sacrifice would be very distressing, and also for the pupils of the conservatories and the schools of music who play on wind instruments, the greater part of whom would be obliged to give up their studies, and also for the communal bodies of the towns, where theatres are supported by them. For the army this expense would be enormous, for all the regiments would be obliged to have a fresh supply of their musical appliances. In France this operation, which is only now begun, and is in the course of being carried out, will cost a million and a half; the regiments of the Garde Civique, also, which have musical bands, will have similar expenses to pay.

"11. That in Belgium, as well as in Germany, the custom has existed for two centuries of having masses and musical services in which the organ is played in conjunction with other instruments, a custom which does not exist in France, or which is only in use in the northern provinces. Formerly organs were tuned half a tone lower than orchestral wind instruments; this is called church pitch—in Germany *chorton*, or choir pitch. At that time they employed only for church music violins, violoncellos, and double bass; the organ took the part of wind instruments. There is no difficulty in adjusting stringed instruments to the pitch of the organ or of the church. But, when the performance of religious music became similar to that of

the opera, it was necessary to tune the organ to the pitch of the other instruments, an operation which has consisted in shortening proportionately the pipes and adjusting the reeds. As regards new organs, they have been built during the last thirty years to the orchestra pitch, according to the fork in use. One consequence of lowering the pitch to 870 vibrations will lead inevitably to the necessity of lowering the pitch of the organs. However easy it may be to raise the pitch by shortening the pipes, it is not so easy to lengthen them for a lower pitch; the operation can only be effected by suppressing the pipe of the last note and shifting all the others, from which results the necessity to replace the pipes of the lowest notes in all the registers, which for all the notes of a great organ of 50 or 60 registers, will cost a great sum of money, especially for the flute stops and such like, of 8ft., 10ft., and 32ft., in metal and in wood.

"12. That the reason alleged for the lowering of the pitch to 870 vibrations deserves no consideration—viz., that the amateur Belgians who play on the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon &c., can no longer join in concerts in France, where their instruments will not be the same pitch as the orchestra; for the artist, whose talent is sufficiently remarkable to give concerts successfully in a foreign country, can procure without difficulty the instrument he requires.

"After the preceding observations, the commission arrives at the following decisions:—

"a. There will be no advantage in lowering the pitch to 870 vibrations the second.

"b. All the inconveniences of such lowering enumerated above will be inevitably produced.

"c. It is desirable that a standard should be adopted, so that in future the pitch should not be capriciously raised, whether in reality by the makers of instruments, or by the influence of the leaders of military music, who wish to obtain more brilliant effects from the bands which they direct.

"d. Comparative experiments show that the pitch of the Royal Conservatoire of Brussels, and of the Theatre Royal of that city, can be taken for this standard, whilst they are in unison, for the most part, with those of the largest cities of Europe, except in some slight differences.

"e. The average difference of the pitches gives 902 vibrations the second; in consequence, the commission is unanimously of opinion—

"1. That the pitch should not be lowered.

"2. That it ought to be fixed, taking for standard that of the Brussels Conservatoire.

"3. That a tuning-fork should be deposited with the Royal Academy of Sciences, of Letters, and of Beaux-Arts of Belgium, as well as in the offices of each of the directors of the conservatoires of the kingdom.

"4. That each of the military regimental bandmasters and of the Civic Guard should be provided with standard tuning-forks.

"5. That the interference of the Minister of War will be necessary to compel bandmasters to use only instruments of the standard pitch.

"6. That the leaders of orchestras will assist materially in maintaining the pitch invariable by no longer giving La from an oboe or any other instrument whose sound is changed by the length of the pipe, by influence of temperature, or by accidental causes, but by furnishing themselves with a pitch-pipe carefully tuned in unison with a standard fork."

The matter being thus ably stated from the Belgian point of view, it is necessary for us to remind the reader of how much can be said on the other side. We shall not, however, enter upon argument now. The question will keep; but it behoves the advocates of "870" to carry the Belgian position sooner or later.

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE programme of Mr. Aguilar's "Performances of Pianoforte Music," given last week, is as follows:—Sonata in E flat (Op. 7), Beethoven; "Oft in the Stilly Night" (Transcription) Aguilar; Capriccio in A minor (Op. 33, No. 1), Mendelssohn; Nocturne in A flat (Op. 32, No. 2), and Valse in A flat (Op. 34, No. 1), Chopin; Sonata in D, Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Book VI., No. 6, Mendelssohn; *Fantasia on Lucia*, Aguilar; *Idyll*, Aguilar; "Couleur de Rose" (Galop Brillant), Aguilar. The rooms, as usual, were crowded.

A CONCERT, the first of a series, took place on Thursday week at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton. The attendance was numerous and fashionable. Miss Blanche Cole sang "With verdure clad," "Voie che sapete," and "Comin' thro' the rye." In the latter she was encored. A quartet in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Messrs. R. Prentice, H. and R. Blagrove, and Aylward) was well rendered, as was also a quartet in B flat, given by Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Clement, and Aylward. The Luscinian Glee Club sang very efficiently the part-songs "Good night, beloved," "Hart and Hind," and Webbe's "Discord, dire sister." Mr. Ridley Prentice performed Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata in B flat, and Mr. H. Blagrove Beethoven's violin Romance in F.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S first pianoforte recital at Brighton is announced for Wednesday evening next.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

MDLLE. NILSSON.

With reference to Mdlle. Nilsson's second concert at Exeter Hall, the *Sunday Times* observes:—

"The programme was not new. Mdlle. Nilsson, our readers will remember, sang in the *Creation* at St. James's Hall not long ago; and at the Crystal Palace she has given one or more of the airs from Haydn's favourite work. Our task, therefore, with regard to her Wednesday evening's performance is simply that of repeating what has been already said. It will be taken for granted that such airs as 'The marvellous work,' 'With verdure clad,' and 'On mighty pens'—airs which so well suit the mannerism of the fair Swede—were executed to perfection. Their graceful phrases never had a more graceful rendering, and on no previous occasion has Mdlle. Nilsson more fully earned the applause with which she was rewarded. 'In native worth' was sung, as also the recitative, 'In splendour bright,' with much care and correctness by Mr. Montem Smith (Mr. Sims Reeves being absent), 'Rolling in foaming billows,' and 'Now Heaven in fullest glory shone' being given by Signor Foli. The choruses went well for the most part; 'The heavens are telling' and 'Achieved is the glorious work' particularly well. We must here protest once for all against the dismembering of great classical works to serve a passing purpose. The rule should be—a rule supported by every sentiment of respect for genius, and every sense of artistic fitness—to give such works, as far as possible, in the form the composer intended. Sometimes this is not possible, but, at all events, we may insist that when a portion only is given that portion be complete. On Wednesday the *Creation* was not only dismembered, but the members themselves were disjointed and served up in fragments. We are not sorry that the doing thereof was punished by a misunderstanding between the conductor and Signor Foli, which led to several false starts and some sibilations."

## PROVINCIAL.

In a notice of a recent concert at Truro, at the opening of the new Rooms, the Plymouth *Western Morning News* speaks of Madame Florence Lancia as beneath:—

"Madame Florence Lancia was in excellent voice, and has rarely been heard to better advantage. In the *Creation*, she shone greatly. Her upper notes were marked by brilliancy, purity, and flexibility. 'With verdure clad,' and 'On mighty pens,' were charmingly rendered."

Mr. George Perren was the tenor at this concert, Mr. J. Lander the bass. Both are praised by the same journal, as also Mr. Best (from Liverpool), who presided at the organ. Mr. George Hele was the conductor.

## PILL PURCELL IN NEW YORK.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.—CARLOTTA PATTI'S CONCERTS.—LEVY AT THE CENTRAL PARK GARDEN CONCERTS.

New York, Oct. 12th, 1869.

Madame Parepa-Rosa has for the last three weeks been playing English opera here with great success. She has, in connection with Mr. Hess, succeeded in getting together a first-class company, consisting of the following artists:—Soprani, Madame Parepa-Rosa and Miss Rose Hersee; Mezzo-Soprani and Contralti, Mrs. E. Seguin and Miss E. Stockton; Tenori, Mr. W. Castle and Mr. Nordblom; Second Tenor, Mr. M. Sola; Baritone, Mr. A. Lawrence; Bassi Cantanti, Mr. S. C. Campbell and Mr. Gustavus Hall; Buffo, Mr. Edward Seguin; Basso, Mr. Fred. Howard. Conductors, Mr. Carl Rosa and Mr. Anthony Rieff. Balfe's celebrated opera, *The Puritan's Daughter*, was the first on the programme, and with a throbbing sensation I attended the performance to see how my countryman's last great work would succeed with an American audience. The cast was as follows:—Mary Wolf, Madame Parepa-Rosa; Jessie, Miss F. Stockton; Earl of Rochester, Mr. W. Castle; Colonel Wolf, Mr. S. C. Campbell; Clifford, Mr. A. Lawrence; Ralph, Mr. E. Seguin; Fleetwood, Mr. M. Sola; and Seymour, Mr. F. Howard. To enter into the details of the opera would be to tell an oft-told tale. Suffice it to say that Madame Rosa's appearance was the signal for the most enthusiastic burst of genuine applause I ever had the pleasure of hearing, and it was a great satisfaction to me in this distant land to see that our great English soprano was appreciated, and most deservedly so; and also proving that she has reached the hearts of the American people through her power of song. In the difficult character of Mary Wolf, she displayed artistic ability of the highest order, both as an actress and singer; her love for Clifford and deep-felt hatred for the hypocritical Seymour, drew forth an amount of dramatic force and vigour which I really did not give her credit for possessing, and the command she has over her naturally mild features quite astonished me. It also appears to me that her voice has gained considerably in strength,

for it told in the concerted parts with great effect over both orchestra and chorus. Throughout the whole opera her singing and acting was one brilliant display of genius, and we may well feel proud of our talented countrywoman. Mr. A. Lawrence is the happy possessor of a highly cultivated baritone voice of great power and compass, which he uses with judgment. As Clifford, he proved himself an artist of rare ability, both as an actor and singer, and succeeded in making a favourable impression on our Yankee cousins.

The gallant Earl of Rochester was well represented by Mr. Castle; he is an acknowledged favourite with the American public; his voice is of a pleasing quality, and his singing, although not faultless, is marked with careful and artistic study. Mr. Campbell, as Colonel Wolf, was well up to the mark; he has a powerful voice, and sings with taste and feeling. Mr. Seguin is a true specimen of a genuine and careful artist; in the difficult and catching music allotted to Ralph he at once proved himself a musician, and his voice, though limited, is so artistically managed as to hide any defects it may possess. The minor characters in the opera were fairly sustained.

Altogether, I may safely state that the opera was a success, and had a run of five nights, which is a wonderful feat in this part of the globe. In order to suit the requirements of the people here who are afraid to be out after half-past ten, the management were unfortunately obliged to curtail the performance, but the *maestro* must not take it as a want of appreciation for his music; the habits of the people are the real cause of the sacrifice. I must, however, state that the cuts have been most judiciously made in respect to the music, but I cannot say so much for the handling of the libretto in a literary point of view, as it does to some extent take away the sense of the plot; but the general public is not aware of it. Mr. Carl Rosa, whose reputation in Europe as a solo violinist is well known, wielded the conductor's baton on this occasion in a masterly style. The perfection in which the orchestra and chorus played and sang proved that both time and great labour, combined with musician-like skill and taste, must have been expended (by him) before the production of the opera, and I feel confident that the composer himself would have felt satisfied at the result.

During the New York season, the opera of *Sonnambula* was produced, in which Miss Rose Hersee made her bow before an American audience, and succeeded in making quite a sensation. It is unnecessary for me, to say a word in her praise, as almost everyone at home has heard her sing; suffice it to say, that her graceful acting and charming vocalization, has won for her a numerous coterie of friends on this side of the Atlantic. Madame Rosa was most fortunate in the engagement of Miss E. Seguin, a lady possessing a rich contralto voice, in a high state of cultivation, which she uses with method and skill. As Nancy, in *Martha*, and Fazerello, in *Maritana*, she acted and sang in a style that bears the stamp of correct training and genius. Mr. Nordblom is another advantage to the company; he has a pure tenor voice of a rich mellow quality, which he uses with much ease, and I have no doubt that, with care and diligence, he will yet hold a prominent position on the lyric stage.

The conductor's baton is taken in turn, with Mr. Carl Rosa, by Mr. Anthony Rieff, whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted with; he is a thorough musician, and a composer in the Beethoven school; in fact, he is a gentleman of rare talent, and of a quiet unassuming manner, which is a characteristic of the true master. In conclusion, I must congratulate Madame Rosa on the great triumph which has attended her undertaking, and feel certain that, surrounded with such an array of talent, combined with her own brilliant genius, unprecedented in the history of English Opera, that she will have a success which her perseverance and industry in forwarding the interests and cultivating the minds of the people for an appreciation of genuine music so well deserves.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti is delighting the folks here with her sweet warbling. She is assisted by M. Theodore Ritter (pianist), Mr. F. J. Prume (violinist), Mr. Theodore Habelman (vocalist), and Max Maretzek's orchestra. Steinway Hall is crowded every night by the *déité* of New York, not for the sake of hearing classic music, for I fear me their taste lies not in that direction, but as a friend remarked to me, "they like to have the concert book lying on their tables" as an indication of their taste. Mdle. Patti needs no comment from me; her brilliant warbling is the loadstone that attracts the crowds that nightly visit Steinway Hall; and her success is as great as her warmest admirers could wish. Mr. Levy, has astounded the Yankees by his wonderful cornet playing, and has never ceased, during his long engagement at the Central Park Garden concerts, to be attractive.

A French opera *troupe* commenced a season a week ago here, but have failed. A performance was given to try and raise funds to enable them to return home; and I hear they have succeeded in their object. I shall continue to keep you posted up on musical matters of interest during my stay here; and trusting your journal is in its usual flourishing state, I beg to sign myself, your faithful correspondent,

PILL PURCELL.

## A TORCH-DANCE, BY MEYERBEER.

It is as instructive as interesting to observe how rapidly, in our days of universal intercourse, musical reputations adjust themselves, after the heat of immediate controversy has subsided. While Meyerbeer was writing,—reconsidering his operas,—agonizing himself over their preparation on the stage,—using every means of influence, direct and indirect, such as an ample fortune and an astute wit could compass, in order to win golden opinions from those who are thought to direct judgment,—his merits as a stage composer were attacked and defended with an acrimony alike overstrained and insincere, whether in attack or defence. Now that he is dead and gone, the world is beginning to admit that he was more than an ingenious and opulent trickster—than a mere accumulator of sounds devised to tickle the ear at the expense of all truth and propriety: in brief, that he was an original individual man, who has left a mark on the music of his time which will not be very easily effaced.

Leaving undiscussed Meyerbeer's grasp over dramatic situation or passion, it may not be amiss to dwell for a moment on one of his excellences, which has been too generally overlooked—his power, felicity, and variety as a composer of dance-music. Why the subject of "the mirth of feet" should, in general, have been so disdainfully ignored by the critics and historians of Opera, I have never been able to comprehend. Consideration of it is indispensable to all those who have to deal with melody, and who conceive that rhythm was engendered by the dance, and not by the song. No appreciation, at all events, of the grand and peculiar series of dramas operatic, produced in and for Paris, by great men of every country, can be arrived at without a close study of ballet music. This, from the days of Lulli to those of Rameau, Gluck, Sacchini, Spontini, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, has borne a most important and integral part in the show. As the last of a long and brilliant line of writers, no one among the list has been, in this department of his art, so felicitous, so spontaneous, and so varied as the one last named. I need merely recall his dance-music in *Robert* (including the three fascination-scenes), his gipsy-dance and admirable stately minuet in *Les Huguenots*, his four dances in the ice-scene of *Le Prophete*, to illustrate my meaning. There is more beauty, genius, and charm in any single specimen of the above mentioned "measures" than in the entire dreary *Tristan* and *Rheingold* of the unblushing and amazing Herr Wagner, who aspires to blot the Jews away from the face of music.

This was most unexpectedly brought home to me here at Scarborough a day or two since, with a force strong enough to justify putting a word of impression on record. Among the many attractions of a place which has become the fashion to praise in print, the excellent music, provided as a standing attraction for the visitor to Scarborough, has hardly been sufficiently dwelt on. The results—produced, with limited forces, by Herr Meyer Lutz, the conductor, speak emphatically of his skill, intelligence, and energy. Of their kind, and with reference to means, "times, and occasions," they are almost as praiseworthy as the performances at the Sydenham Palace, organized by Mr. Manns, which have grown from modest beginnings into one of the most noteworthy institutions to be found anywhere. It is odd, and not over-creditable to those concerned, that the Londoner should have to go to Sydenham or Scarborough to make acquaintance with some of the most interesting music of modern time; such, for instance, as the ballet-music of M. Gounod in his *Nonne Sanglante* and *Reine de Saba*, or (to come to my immediate subject) a pageant-dance by Meyerbeer, commissioned, even as Handel's *Water-Music* was in its day, for a regal festivity.

The four torch-dances of Meyerbeer, written during his court service at Berlin, exhibit the most individual phase of their composer's talent as a master and inventor of rhythm. The one I have been hearing here—produced for the reception of the Crown Princess of Prussia, is in every respect admirable. The opening bar, a simple trumpet flourish, thrown into the stately tempo of a Polonoise, seizes the ear at once. The relief in the episode, which carries on the movement, more delicate and gracious in its melody than that of the principal theme, yet no less courtly and pompous, is admirable in its freedom and nature. The final climax, leading to the explosion of our national hymn, with the full force of the orchestra, is bolder, less shifty, and less tormented than other examples of the kind existing in Meyerbeer's more ambitious works, and which have led to the not unjustifiable idea that he was deficient in resource, owing to his imperfect scientific training. Be this as it may, it is long since I have heard anything so distinct, so bright, so admirably adapted to its purpose, as this music; let the transcendentalists abuse it as they please, in uneasy confession of their own impotence and want of idea.

Scarborough, Oct. 18, 1869.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Moscow.—Two new operas by Russian composers will be produced this season. They are *The Inhabitants of Nischni-Novgorod*, by Naprawnik, and *Undine*, by Tschaiowsky.

## MÉHUL AND PERSUIS.

Persuis, to whom the Opera in Paris is indebted for a few compositions which once enjoyed a certain vogue, displayed in his youth a taste for painting. He was intimate with Méhul, who took a great deal of interest in him. In consequence of his friendly relations with the illustrious composer, he felt irresistibly attracted to music, and, after some months of hard study, set about composing, somehow or other, a symphony. When he had finished it, he went to Méhul to consult him about it.

"Good day, my dear fellow," he said, as he entered, "I bring you something new."—"What is it?"—"Some music."—"What! music of your own? That is certainly something new. Do you give up painting, then?"—"Well, yes; I am tired of hearing my pictures characterized as daubs, 'as fearful daubs.'"—"I can easily conceive that the appellations in question are not very encouraging, but, after all, what leads you to suppose that you will be more fortunate in the new career on which you now think of entering? What guarantees have you that your musical works will be better received than your pictures?"—"My taste, my enthusiasm for the art of which you are one of the most illustrious representatives, and the assurance that you will kindly direct my efforts."—"You are right in reckoning upon my sympathy and my affection; I shall only feel too pleased at being useful and agreeable to you. But, after all, my dear fellow, I cannot perform miracles. It is nature and work which make great musicians, and, when the elements of success are wanting, the efforts of the most skillful masters are necessarily of no avail; your musical studies have been very superficial, and it is, perhaps, too late for you to enter seriously upon a new course of labour."—"I have been working in secret for some months. You can judge of my progress."—"What have you composed, then?"—"A symphony!"—"The deuce you have! You begin as great masters sometimes finish. Let us see your symphony."

Méhul examined attentively the work his young friend submitted to him, and, when he had completed his examination, said: "Do you want me to speak frankly?"—"I wish you to tell me the truth, the whole truth."—"Very well, then; your symphony is detestable."—"Maestro, you make me despair. Do you think, then, that I ought to give up music?"—"No, I do not say that; I simply state the fact that your work does not contain even common sense. But I must add that, in the midst of the confused mass of rubbish, I perceive certain intentions."—"Intentions, what do you mean by that?"—"I mean that, wretched as your work is, taken as a whole, it contains, here and there, certain combinations, certain effects, which show talent; with hard work, and some one to direct you in your studies, you might do something."—"I ask no more. Will you consent to be my master?"—"We will see."—"Make up your mind at once. You will never have had a more docile pupil, and some day, I hope, I shall do you honour."

Méhul could not resist a wish expressed with such warmth, and he had reason to congratulate himself on having undertaken to educate his friend, though the task at first appeared an impossibility.

MILAN.—It is said that the first opera at the Scala, during the approaching Carnival season, will be *Pietro di Medici*, by Prince Poniatowski, and that the new "opera d'obbligo" will be furnished by Señor Gomez, the young Mexican maestro. There is some talk, also, of the production of *Amleto*, not by M. Ambroise Thomas, but by Signor Faccio, a young composer, who, according to his friends, has a brilliant future before him.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Herr Wilhelmj, unquestionably a violinist of the very first class, as far as manual dexterity is concerned, appeared at the first Museums-Concert, and played Paganini's first Concerto, and Ernst's *Otello* Fantasia. His success with the public was naturally something extraordinary; critics, however, cannot be satisfied with Herr Wilhelmj's professional principles. It is now about a year that Herr Wilhelmj has played nothing but the same four pieces (a Violin Concerto, Rubinstein's *Otello* Fantasia, and "Ungarische Lieder," Ernst; and the First Concerto, Paganini). Now, in our opinion, the automaton-like rendering—for, after all, such it must in the end become—of these pieces does not afford much proof of artistic feeling. It is plain that the artist is wearied by his own performance, and that his great object is to get it over as quickly as possible, so as to repeat the same manœuvre at another concert. Were Herr Wilhelmj less highly gifted than he is, it would be unnecessary to waste a word upon the subject. But as he has been endowed by nature with the most eminent talent as a violinist, such a course ought to be most severely censured. It is to be hoped that Herr Wilhelmj will not allow his youth to pass away so uselessly, but, for the benefit of true art, that he will strive to attain that ideal, which, up to the present time, no one save his master, Joachim, has achieved. Let him do this, and he will assuredly reap a rich reward.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.



## THE PAREPA-ROSA ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

The credit so rapidly gained by the Parepa-Rosa troupe, in their earlier representations at the French Theatre, has been materially strengthened during the past week by a new performance, that of Flotow's *Martha*, which may be compared with the best of those yet given in this or any other country. In our last notice of the English Opera Company we could speak but cursorily of the execution of Wallace's *Maritana*, although it included such beauties as make the critic's task a labour of love. What artist has ever sung the charming music assigned to the ambitious *gitana* like Madame Parepa? Not only does she infuse into its more sentimental strains that exquisite tenderness which "steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;" not only does her "Scenes that are brightest," for instance, reveal the true *canto che nele anima si sente*, but there is a delicate mystery, an ethereal poetry, in her rendering of the "Harp in the air," by which the composer's meaning (that is, the gentle adumbration of *Maritana's* romantic destiny) is completely and most delightfully expressed. Madame Parepa's acting, so happily aided by musical skill in the fortune-telling scene, is another great success, and she may be further eulogized for the generally vigorous and independent spirit which most appropriately characterizes her impersonation: for the street-singer, with all her womanly tenderness is a "young downright she," full of ambition, and quite able to take her own part. Taken as a whole, we repeat, Madame Parepa's *Maritana* is the best now upon the stage. Of her physical powers it is scarcely necessary to speak. They were made strikingly apparent throughout the opera, on each occasion, and "told" upon the audience in the great concerted pieces, wherein her superb high notes were heard above the whole mass of voices and instruments, as they did in the solos.—*American Paper*.

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To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—You will, I trust, allow me to correct a slight inaccuracy which appeared in the *Musical World* of Saturday last.

It is stated that "Two fair young violinists, the Misses Hamilton, from Dublin, were announced to appear at the third Gewandhaus concert, Leipzig."

The young ladies you refer to are the Misses Bertha and Emmy Drechsler Hamilton, daughters of Mr. Adam Hamilton, of Edinburgh.—I am, yours, &c.,

Edinburgh, 25th October, 1869.

AN AMATEUR.

## W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard has given pianoforte recitals this week, with distinguished success, at Hull, Bishop-Auckland, Carlisle, &c.

Herr Ferdinand Ludwig has returned to London from Königstein (Germany).

A new tenor, M. Coppel, has made his *début* at the Lyrique in *Rigoletto*, and obtained a *succès d'estime*.

*Roméo et Juliette* will not be produced at the Opéra-Comique, negotiations for its transfer having failed.

It is reported that Henri Litolf has espoused a Mdle. de Rochefoucault. We did not know he was a double-widower.

Rossini's *Mass* was produced at Amsterdam by the Strakosch troupe with great success; also at Rotterdam and the Hague.

Madame Adelina Patti's first six performances this season at the Italiens brought in 77,500 francs. The *prima donna* leaves Paris Nov. 6th.

The question of obtaining uniformity in the plain song and Gregorian chants used in the Roman Churches will, it is said be discussed at the forthcoming Council.

It is proposed to signalize Mdle. Nilsson's return to Paris, in January, by the production of *Robert le Diable*: Alice, Mdle. Nilsson; Isabella, Madame Carvalho.

The Harvard Musical Association is already laying its plans for a festival to commemorate the centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birth, on 17th December, 1870.

Mr. John F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, is to be given at Yarmouth next month. The Demoiselles Clara and Rosamunda Doria are engaged as principal soprano and alto.

At the first Gürzenich concert, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, appeared in the triple character of conductor, composer (the overture to *Demetrius*), and virtuoso (Mozart's concerto in A minor).

Rumour sayeth that a new opera *bouffe* in three acts, by MM. Offenbach and Sardou, will be produced a year hence at the Gaité with Mdle. Thérèse as the principal. *Qui vivra verra*.

The *Gazette Musicale* states that Herr Richard Wagner, the divorced husband is about to marry the divorced wife of Herr Hans Bulow. Thus Herr Richard will at last be undoubtedly "the son-in-law of Abbé Liszt."

*L'Aumônier du Régiment*, a Palais-Royal piece in which, thirty years ago, M. Achard, the elder, had a great success, is to be reproduced as a comic opera—music by M. Hector Saloman. The part originally taken by M. Achard, will now fall to his son.

The Conservatoire and M. Padeloup have united their forces to oppose the common enemy, M. Litolf and his Opera Concerts. They have prohibited their artists, on pain of dismissal, from rendering M. Litolf any assistance whatever. The new scheme marches, however.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have left Liverpool for New York in the Inman Company's steamer City of Paris. It is, we believe, the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Paul to make a tour through the United States, during which they will visit some of the principal cities of the West.

M. Padeloup's second programme—last Sunday's—comprised overtures, *Euryanthe* and *Leonora*; symphonies, Schumann in D minor, Haydn in B flat, and an *Allegretto agitato* from Mendelssohn's *Lobengrin*, the only portion of the great work which the Parisians seem destined for some time to know.

The Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg will give, during the season, three historical concerts. At the first, selections will be performed from the works of composers *ante* Bach and Handel; the second programme will come down to Beethoven's second style; the third will come down (O stupendous descent!) to Richard Wagner.

Mr. B. Ramsbottom, the successful candidate in the recent competition for the vacant lay clerkship at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was a member of the choir of St. Peter's Church, Manchester, previous to his joining the choir of New College, Oxford, thus adding another to the long list of distinctions gained by members of the choir so ably conducted by Mr. B. St. J. B. Jole.

A series of six monthly concerts of chamber music has been commenced at Brixton (at the Angell Town Institution), by Mr. Ridley Prentice. The scheme includes stringed quartets, and piano-forte music, concerted and solo, by the great masters, Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Weist Hill being the first violins, and Mr. Prentice the pianist; with efficient coadjutors, instrumental and vocal.

*Le Nord* cautions Mdle. Nilsson against "boxing" the compass in a "humid climate, the influence of which is not positively healthy to the larynx." Our contemporary says that "travelling lyric singers in Great Britain regularly lose their voices after one or two campaigns." Our contemporary's bogey is very like the conventional rustic ghost—all turnip and tallow. It is not adapted to frighten anybody.

We are told by *L'Europe Artiste* that Messrs. Gye and Mapleson will bring forward next season, Mesdames Patti, Lucca, Tietjens, Sesi, Stoltz, and Viardot; Messieurs Mario, Tambrlick, Nicolini, Graziani, Petit, Bagagiolo, &c., &c. We are, moreover, told by *L'Europe Artiste* that Signori Mariani and Vianesi will be conductors; and that the performances will be given alternately at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's. By-the-bye, Lieut. Saxby's tidal wave, prognosticated to appear in the Channel, turned up in America.

The Victoria Theatre has produced a play with the title of *The Old Rag Shop*, to which the author adds the questions—"Who lived there? What were its secrets? What became of the stolen property? What was the dark deed in the cellar? Where was the body secreted? What was the end of the old fence?" The suggestions are sensational; but the play is probably a very harmless and inoffensive production. The terror of the Lord Chamberlain sits heavily on Surrey-side managers, that functionary being apt to make up for shortcomings in Drury Lane or the Strand by fits of severity in less powerful quarters.

DR. WESLEY AT HUDDERSFIELD.—A "NEW CONNECTION."—A musical service was held on Wednesday evening in the Methodist New Connection Chapel, High Street. Dr. S. S. Wesley presided at the organ, and Mr. J. Wood conducted. There was a good attendance, especially considering the high charges made for tickets of admission to the chapel. The works undertaken by Dr. Wesley in the first part were the productions of Handel and the Doctor himself, and "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles" (J. K. Pyne), "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn), "Praise the Lord" (S. S. Wesley), and "Blow ye the trumpet" (J. H. Maylor). Dr. Wesley's manipulation of the instrument was, of course, very fine, and of the vocal performances, Miss Smith sang the solo to "Hear my prayer" with well-measured judgment. In the second part, selections from Spohr (organ solo), and also from Solomon and Israel in Egypt (Handel), for the choir, were performed.—*Yorkshire Post*.

CAIRO, Oct. 15th, 1869.—The entire company of H.H. the Khedive has arrived, after a safe and short sea voyage of four days. The theatre, which is magnificent, will not be finished before ten or twelve days. The opening opera will be *Rigoletto*, and the ballet, *Giselle*, proceeded by the cantata of Prince Poniatowski. The Khedive desiring to see and hear his *troupe* immediately, has ordered a grand concert to be given in the private theatre of his palace on Monday, the 18th inst., in honour of the Duke and Duchess D'Aoste, who are now here. The programme has been presented to His Highness, who deigned to express his satisfaction with it personally to the *entrepreneur*. All the artists, chorus and orchestra, take part.

In a speech at the Liverpool Congress, the Hon. C. L. Wood, president of the English Church Union, contrasted the services of the churches of Belgium with the services of the churches of London thus:—

"Let them go into St. Paul's, and then into the Cathedral at Brussels. In the latter case they saw crowds of persons upon their knees, in adoration, in prayer, in the spirit of devotion, all the day; in the former they saw nothing except once in the morning and in the evening, and then one-half of the congregation coming out after the anthem; they saw nothing but a crowd of sightseers. The desolation of St. Paul's was a disgrace to the Church."

Miss BOUVERIE, who in the early summer appeared at St. George's Hall as principal actress in a series of "Costume Recitals" (dramatic selections illustrated by scenery and dresses), and especially distinguished herself as Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, now occupies the Gallery of Illustration, assisted by Mr. Gaston Murray (likewise her acting and stage manager), Mr. George Melville, and others. The selections are from *As You Like It*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

MR. HENRY FARMER has afforded the musical public a great treat by engaging Madame Goddard to give a pianoforte recital, which took place in the Mechanics' Hall, on Monday evening last. The first part of the programme consisted chiefly of selections introduced by Madame Goddard in her London recitals at St. James's Hall. The first being Dussek's Sonata in B flat major, in which Madame Goddard evinced that large and free style of phrasing with the comprehensive grasp of the instrument for which she is so famous. In the *Allegretto leggierissimo* in E flat major, by Thalberg, she exhibited her complete mastery of all scale work, and the clearness and accuracy of her articulation of rapid *staccato* passages. The gem of the evening was, however, Beethoven's Grand Sonata in A flat major, containing the celebrated funeral march. In this was more especially shown that power of tone and exquisite light and shade of expression, with the intelligent appreciation of the ideas of the great masters of music, which is to be found alone in one who possesses a complete and exceptional power over the instrument. Miss Edmonds sang charmingly songs by Mozart, Mendelssohn and Sullivan, and two old English ballads, which were quite a treat to listen to.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Serenade, "Lightly Creeping," by Schubert. Edited by G. W. Martin.

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